Hen. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head,
My crowne is cald Content, a crowne that
Kings do ſildome times enioy.
Keeper. And if thou be a King crownd with content,
Your crowne content and you, muſt be content
To go with vs vnto the Officer, for as we thinke,
You are our quondam King. King *Edward* hath depoſde,
And therefore we charge you in Gods name and the Kings,
To go along with vs vnto the Officers.
Hen. Gods name be fulfild, your Kings name be
Obeyde, and be you kings, command and Ile obey.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter King Edward, Clarence, and Gloſter, Montague, Haſtings, and the Lady Grey.

K. Edw. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Gloſter*,
This Ladies husband here, Sir *Richard Grey*,
At the battaile of S. *Albones* did loſe his life,
His lands then were ſeiz'd on by the conqueror.
Her ſute is now to repoſſeſſe thoſe lands,
And ſith in quarrell of the houſe of *Yorke*,
The noble gentleman did loſe his life,
In honour we cannot denie her ſute.
Glo. Your highneſſe ſhall do well to grant it then.
K. Edw. I, ſo I will, but yet Ile make a pauſe.
Glo. I, is the winde in that doore?
Clarence. I ſee the Lady hath ſome thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble ſute.
Glo. He knowes the game, how well he keepes the wind.
K. Edw. Widow, come ſome other time to know our mind.
La. May it pleaſe your Grace, I cannot brooke delaies,
I beſeech your highneſſe to diſpatch me now.
K. Ed. Lords giue vs leaue, we meane to try this widowes wit.
Cla. I, good leaue haue you.
Glo. For you will haue leaue, till youth take leaue,
And leaue you to your crouch.
K. Ed. Come hither widow, how many children haſt thou?

Cla.

Cla. I thinke he meanes to be
Glo. Nay whip me then, hee'l
La. Three, my moſt gracious
Glo. You ſhall haue foure if y
K. Ed. Wer't not pitty they ſ
La. Be pittifull then dread L
K. Edw. Ile tell thee how theſ
La. So ſhall you binde me to
K. Edw. What ſeruice wilt th
La. Euen what your highneſ
Glo. Nay then widow Ile wa
Husbands lands, if you grant t
Commands. Fight cloſe, or in g
You catch a clap.
Cla. Nay I feare her not vnleſ
Glo. Marry godsforbot man,
La. Why ſtops my Lord, ſha
K. Edw. An eaſie taske, tis bu
La. That's ſoone performd, b
K. Ed. Why then thy husban
La. I take my leaue with ma
Cla. The match is made, ſhe
K. Edw. Stay widdow ſtay, w
I ſue ſo much to get?
La. My humble ſeruice, ſuc
commands.
K. Edw. No by my troth, I n
But to tell thee the troth, I aim
La. To tell you plaine my L
K. Ed. Why then thou canſt
La. Then mine honeſty ſhal
For by that loſſe I will not pur
K. Edw. Herein thou wrong
La. Herein your highneſſe
Me, but mighty Lord, this mer
Agrees not with the ſadneſſe o
Pleaſe it your highneſſe to diſ